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VOL. 43—No. 13.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE OPERA SEASON, 1864, WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

IN offering the Prospectus of the ensuing Season to the consideration of the Patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. MAPLESON, encouraged by former successes, anticipates with confidence that the arrangements he has been enabled to conclude will be accepted as evidence of an earnest wish on his part to merit a continuance of the liberal support and kind approval with which his efforts have hitherto been rewarded. On entering upon the arduous undertaking of restoring Her Majesty's Theatre to its former rank as the first Operatic establishment in Europe, Mr. Mapleson's exertions were naturally directed to extending and completing its purely Musical resources, and raising their character and efficiency to the highest requirements of modern taste and knowledge. The essential features of a Lyrical Theatre having been thus secured, a more than ordinary share of attention can be bestowed on the subordinate though, in the present day, important and multifarious element of *mise en scene*. In announcing that the exclusive services of Mr. TELUX have been retained, it may be assumed that, under the direction of that highly experienced artist, the scenery at Her Majesty's Theatre will in future equal all that has been achieved in that department. Anxious to give every accommodation to his patrons, Mr. MAPLESON (at a considerable sacrifice of space) has had the Private Boxes enlarged and improved. The Musical resources of the establishment have been improved and augmented in each department.

THE ORCHESTRA, which has recently obtained such unanimously eulogistic recognition, is numerically reinforced, and the direction again confided to Signor ARDITI, whose skill, experience and untiring zeal, have raised the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre to their present high standard, and placed its conductor, by universal consent, in the most eminent position. THE CHORUS has been strengthened by important additions, and is now almost entirely composed of Singers from the Teatro Regio (Turin), and the Liceo (Turin). Chorus Master, Sig. CHIAROMONTE. A NEW ORGAN is being erected by the eminent Firm of GRAY and DAVISON. Several important Works of great Continental repute, the titles of which are included in the Prospectus, will be produced in the most careful, complete, and efficient manner. In addition to the names of the established favorites of last Season will be found those of other Artists of European celebrity, who will have the honour of appearing, for the first time in this country, before the Patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre.

ENGAGEMENTS—Prime Donne Assolute, Mademoiselle TITIENS; Mademoiselle GIUSEPPINA VITALI (of the Teatro di Bologna, &c., her First Appearance); Mdlle. VOLPINI; Mademoiselle LOUISE LIEBHARDT, and Mademoiselle HARRIERS WIFFERN (of the Royal Opera, Berlin, her First Appearance).—Prime Donne Mezzo-Soprani e Contralti, Mademoiselle ELONORA GROSSI (of the Teatro Apollo, Rome, Barcelona, &c., her First Appearance); Mademoiselle BETTELEHEIM, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, her First Appearance; and Madame TREBELL. —Seconde Donne, Mademoiselle TACCANI, and Mademoiselle TOMASINI. —Primi Tenori Assoluti, Signor GIUGLINI; Signor FANCELLI (of the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, his First Appearance); Signor A. BETTINI; Signor VOLPINI, and Signor GEREMIA BETTINI. —Primi Baritoni, Signor GASSIER; Signor FAGOTTI, and Mr. Santley. —Primi Bassi, Signor BENEDETTO MAZZETTI (of the principal Theatres in Italy, his First Appearance); Signor FAICCA; Signor GASPERONI (his First Appearance); Signor BOSSI, and Signor MARCELLO JONCA (of the Teatro Regio, Turin, his First Appearance). —Secondi Tenori e Bassi, Signor BERTACCHI; Signor CASABONI; Signor MARIOTTI (his First Appearance); Signor MANFREDI (his First Appearance). —Director of the Orchestra, Signor ARDITI. —Chorus Master, Signor CHIAROMONTE. —Director of the Ballet, Signor SIMONDI (of the Teatro Regio, Turin, his First Appearance). —Accompagnatore, Signor BEVIGNANO (of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, Berlin, &c.). —The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. GODFREY.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS—Regisseur de Ballet, M. PETIT; Suggestore, Signor FONTANA; Regisseur, M. GRUA; Artiste Costumiere, Miss DICKENSON; Mechanist, Mr. SLOMAN; The Appointments by Mr. BRADWELL; Gas Engineer, Mr. DIMES; Stage Manager, M. REINHARDT (of the Royal Operas, Berlin and Vienna); Scenic Artist, Mr. TELUX, Assisted by Mr. HENRY TELUX.

The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock each Evening, and the doors be opened half-an-hour previous.

The following Grand Operas will be performed for the First Time in England:—"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO." Music by Verdi. The Orchestral Score, Parts, and right of Representation of Signor Verdi's last great work were secured in 1863; but it having been deemed necessary to make certain modifications in the Dramatic denouement, Signor Verdi has kindly undertaken the task, and also to superintend the production of the Opera.

"LE SPOSE ALLEGRE DI WINDSOR." By Otto Nicolai. This Opera, which has made the round of Germany, and combines the German, French, and Italian styles in a peculiarly fresh and happy manner, has everywhere become popular. Its composer was considered, during his lifetime, the greatest orchestral conductor in the Austrian dominions. He produced several dramatic works; but "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is regarded as his masterpiece.

Fenton, Signor GIUGLINI, is regarded as his masterpiece. Signor FORD, Signor PAGE (Abitante di Windsor) Mr. SANTLEY, Signor GASSIER; Flander, Signor A. BETTINI; Garzone d'Osteria, Signor MANFREDI; Dr. Calo, Signor MAZZETTI; Annetta Page, Mdlle. VITALI; Madame Page, Mdlle. BETTELEHEIM; Madame FORD, Mdlle. TITIENS.

"TANNHAUSER," the most celebrated dramatic composition of Herr Richard Wagner, whose merits have been a topic of discussion throughout Europe for the last fifteen years. The romantic story of Tannhauser, founded upon one of the most ancient and picturesque of the Thuringian legends, has made this Opera popular even with the most staunch opponents of what is styled "the Music of the Future." Musicians, however, are unanimous in pronouncing it the masterpiece of its composer; and the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre thinks that the production of a work representing more forcibly than any other a school of dramatic music which, though it has engaged attention and invited controversy for nearly a quarter of a century, is still comparatively unknown in this country, will afford gratification to the patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre.

"TANNHAUSER" will be brought out with the utmost splendour and completeness. *Cavalieri e Cantanti*—Tannhauser, Signor GIUGLINI; Wolfraume, Mr. SANTLEY; Walther, Signor A. BETTINI; Blitherhoff, Signor GASSIER; Henry, Signor MANFREDI; Remmar,

Signor BOSSI. Herman (Landgrave), Signor FAICCA; Venus, Mdlle. HARRIERS WIFFERN; A Young Shepherd, Mdlle. VOLPINI; and Elizabeth, Mdlle. TITIENS.

Popular Operas to be Revived in the course of the Season:—"FIDELIO," with Mademoiselle TITIENS as Leonora, the character which established her renown in Germany, previous to her appearance in this country. Inquiries after Beethoven's dramatic chef-d'œuvre have been so frequent, that Mr. MAPLESON has decided on producing FIDELIO, this Season, in the most complete and careful manner.

Forestani, Signor GIUGLINI (his First Appearance in that character); Gianguino, Signor A. BETTINI; Il Ministro, Mr. SANTLEY; Pizzaro, Signor GASSIER; Rocco, Signor JONCA (his First Appearance in that character); Marcellina, Mdlle. LOUISE LIEBHARDT, and Leonora, Mdlle. TITIENS (her First Appearance in That Character in England).

"ROBERT LE DIABLE," the first of Meyerbeer's Grand Romantic Operas, will be given with all the requisite accessories of scenery and stage arrangements. Mdlle. HARRIERS WIFFERN (Prima Donna of the King's Opera, Berlin) will make her debut as Alice. "DER FREISCHUTZ," the masterpiece of Weber, will also be produced in the course of the season, with a cast of unprecedented efficiency. Donizetti's "ANNA BOLENA," which has not been played for twenty years.

In addition to the foregoing, Selections will be made from the subjoined extensive Repertoire:—I Puritani, Bellini; Il Trovatore, Verdi; Ernani, Verdi; Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti; La Traviata, Verdi; Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Rossini; Gli Ugonotti, Meyerbeer; Le Nozze di Figaro, Mozart; Un Ballo in Maschera, Verdi; Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti; Il Don Giovanni, Mozart; Norma, Bellini; Rigoletto, Verdi; La Figlia del Reggimento, Donizetti; La Zingara, Balle; Marta, Flotow; Semiramide, Rossini; La Sonnambula, Bellini; Faust, Gounod; Oberon, Weber. THE BALLET—Engagements have been concluded with the following eminent Dancers:—Mdlle. ARANTYARY (of La Scala, Milan, &c.—her first appearance) and Mdlle. CATARIN BRETTE (of the San Carlo, Naples, and Teatro Regio—her first appearance); Signor ALLESANDRI (of the Principal Theatres in Italy—his first appearance), Signor MAGRI and Signor ANIELLO AMMATURO; Coreografi—Signor FRANCESCO MAGRI and Signor VIANA. A New Ballet will be produced early in the Season, entitled, GLI AMORI DI BACCO, by Signor MAGRI, in which Mdlle. ARANTYARY and Signor AMMATURO will appear. VIENNA'S favorite Ballet of EMMA, in which Mdlle. CATARIN BRETTE will perform; and a new Ballet Divertissement, entitled, UN ANEDDOTTO DI FEDERICO II. The Corps de Ballet has been reinforced, and will be under the direction of M. PETIT.

The Theatre will be open on SATURDAY, April 9, with Verdi's admired Opera of RIGOLETTO—Gilda, Mdlle. GIUSEPPINA VITALI (her first appearance in England); Madelena, Mdlle. GROSSI (her first appearance in England); Rigoletto, Sig. FAGOTTI; and Il Duca, Signor GIUGLINI (his first appearance in that character). In the course of the evening, THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The Subscription will consist of either 30 or 40 Nights, at the option of the Subscribers.

	30 Nights.	40 Nights.
Boxes on the Second Tier	140	175
Ditto, First Tier	160	200
Ditto, Grand Tier	130	160
Ditto, Pit Tier	25	32
Orchestra Stalls	8	10
Amphitheatre ditto	12	18
Dress-box Seats, Numbered and Reserved	12	18

The Box-Office of the Theatre will open on Saturday, March 18, and remain open daily for Subscribers from Ten to Six, under the direction of Mr. Nugent. To whom, and to Mr. Mitchell, Messrs. Lacon and Oller, Mr. Hookham, Messrs. Chappell, Mr. Bubb, Messrs. Cook and Hutching, Bond Street; Mr. Sams, St. James's Street; Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Wood, Regent Street; Messrs. Hammond (late Julien), Regent Street; Messrs. Keith, Frowe and Co., Cheapside; and Messrs. Leader and Co., Opera Colonnade, applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Her Majesty's Theatre, March, 1864.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Directors respectfully announce that the **THIRD CONCERT**, on the 15th of April, will be in connection with the **TERCENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF SHAKESPEARE**, and that the Programme will chiefly consist of Music written for or suggested by his various Works.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—THIRTEENTH SEASON.—Director, Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc. The subscribers are respectfully informed, the **FIRST CONCERT** of the thirteenth season will take place on Wednesday evening, April 13th, and the Public Rehearsal on the previous Saturday afternoon. Subscribers of last season can claim their former seats up to the 1st of March, after which date unclaimed stalls will be offered to new subscribers according to priority of application. The subscription is for five grand evening concerts on Wednesday evenings, and five full public rehearsals on Saturday afternoons. Terms, £2 2s. for sofa stalls, and first row balcony; £1 11s. 6d. for second row balcony. All the arrangements for the concerts will be on the same grand scale as in previous seasons. The orchestra will be composed of 22 first violins, 20 second violins, 16 violas, 14 violoncellos, 14 contri bassi, the usual complement of wind instruments and instruments of percussion, and a complete choir, numbering altogether nearly 300 performers. Principal first violins, Herr Molique and Mr. H. Biagrove. The following eminent artists have appeared at these concerts, many of whom, with others who may arrive in London, will perform in the course of the season: Mesdames Titiens, Carlotta Patti, Louisa Pyne, Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherrington, Castellani, Parepa, Fiorelli, Anna Bishop, Rudersdorf, the sisters Marchisio, Alboni, Trebelli; Signori Giuglini, Sims Reeves, Tamburini, Formes, Reichardt, Santley, Cooper, Petron, Weiss, Belletti, Belart, Benwick, (of the London Academy of Music). Pianists, Mesdames Arabella Goddard, Schumann, Pleyel, Claus, Staudach, Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Rubenstein, Otto Goldschmidt, Androoli, C. Hallé, Lubeck, and Jacil. Violinists, Joachim, Sivori, (who will perform at the 1st concert this season), Ernst, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Biagrove, Becker. Application for seats can be made to the Honorary Secretary, W. F. Nicholls, Esq., 33, Argyll Street, W.; to Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. Keith and Prowse, No. 43, Cheapside; or at Mr. Austin's ticket-office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL on EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1864.—**NATIONAL HARP CONCERT.**—BAND OF HARPS and CHOIR of VOCAL ASSOCIATION. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.—National Melodies by the Choir Vocal Association. To commence at Eight. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Body of Hall, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Hall, and all Music-sellers; Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the **EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly**, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS," and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on **SATURDAY MORNING** at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

MR. JOHN ROUSE will sing at the Assembly Rooms, Bath, Tuesday, March 29th, "IN MY CHATEAU OF POMPERNIK," from HOWARD GLOVER's popular Operetta, *Once too Often*, and "THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN," from STIRLING CORN's admired Operetta, *The Pets of the Parterre*, composed by GEORGE LODGE.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give three Matinees of Classical Instrumental Music, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Mondays, April 25th, May 9th and June 6th, to commence at Three o'clock. Particulars will be duly announced. 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, during her Provincial Tour, is engaged to sing at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Halifax, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Dewsbury, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and will return to Town for the Season at the end of April. Communications to be addressed to No. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MADAME ENEQUIST begs to announce that she has arrived in London for the Season. All communications to be addressed to 37 Golden Square.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday Evening, May 12. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

SIGNOR and MADAME BADIA, and SIGNOR DI SANMARINO (the Italian Tenor), have arrived in Town for the Season. Address—5 Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

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BEGS respectfully to inform Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession that he continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinees, and Soirees, also the superintendence of Balls, Bands, Choruses, &c., and to solicit their kind patronage for the present Season.

Mr. Van Praag flatters himself that, after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, he may be again favored with their commands.

All communications addressed to Mr. Van Praag, at Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W., will be immediately attended to. Quadrille Bands, for Large or Small Parties, supplied on the most reasonable terms.

HOGARTH TESTIMONIAL.

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ANTONIO SALIERI.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The basis of the following biographical sketch is the short work upon Salieri, by Mosel, a great portion of which consists of notices of the composer's works—a kind of writing which is seldom very satisfactory. I shall spare the infliction of long disquisitions *à la Mosel* upon long forgotten works. My principal object will be to enable the reader to live in Vienna, back in the days when Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were the greatest, but by no means the only great composers—and to become acquainted with a phase of Vienna musical life at that time which their biographies, except for a few years in Mozart's time, do not exhibit to us, but which nevertheless is necessary to anything like an adequate conception of that musical world of which in one direction they formed by far the most important part. For personal interest, the narrative of Salieri's life is not to be compared with that of Gyrowetz; and indeed, the principal inducement to write or read it lies in the fact, that seventy-five years ago, in all Europe, no operatic composer stood, on the whole, so prominent before the world as he, except Glück, whose career was just closed, and Mozart, whose great successes were so speedily to be followed by his death. It is unfortunate for Salieri's fame out of Austria, or rather, I should say, in England and America, that his name is hardly known except in connection with his opposition to Mozart, which is so fully treated in Holmes's beautiful biography of the latter. For the present let that pass. His sins against Mozart have been punished sufficiently, whatever they were, and perhaps a cool judgment, if Salieri's side of the question could be presented with as much warmth as the other has been, might decide after all, that his fame has been clouded even beyond his deserts. I confess to a sort of liking for the little dark, miserly, quaint, odd, rather vain (I judge), and envious Italian; perhaps, because nobody, hardly, now-a-days, speaks of him except as the enemy of Mozart, nobody has ever thought it worth while (in English) to take him up, because he is only a mark to cast stones at—like poor Süßmeyer. You know what Touchstone says about Audrey: "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will."

But there is another reason for writing the history of Salieri, and no less a one than that he was the successor, so to speak, of him who wholly changed the character of the serious opera—who, but Glück?—and for years ruled that stage on which that change had been wrought. Among the strange absurdities which are current in the musical world are these two—the one, that what is now understood under the terms of grand symphony and string quartet,—that is, the quartet and symphony written in C. P. E. Bach's Sonata form, originated in Paris; the other, that it was there that Glück developed and exemplified his operatic theory, and fought the great battle. Haydn and Mozart (to be followed by Beethoven) were the reformers and developers of instrumental music, and carried it to the highest point which it has yet reached—both laboring in Vienna; while Glück and Mozart, at the same time, in the same city, and in the same way, were acting upon the character of opera.

Wonderful as the change wrought by Glück appears, when his own works are compared with those of his old school contemporaries, it is far from being so striking as when we study this change by taking Mozart's operas for our comparison. As Haydn was the *inventor* in instrumental music, and Mozart the *perfector*, so was Glück the *inventor* and Mozart again the *perfector* in the opera. A certain one-sidedness of Haydn is not reflected in Mozart, and the remark is equally true if we read "Glück" instead of "Haydn." Salieri possessed great native genius, and was an eclectic; hence in his hands the Vienna school, of Italian opera at least, profited by the labors of all his great contemporaries.

A hundred years ago and more Signor Salieri was a well-to-do shopkeeper or trader in the fortified town of Legnago, in the Venetian territory. He must have had a taste for music, for he gave his son Francis the means of becoming a good pianist, and more than that, put him under the great Tartini to study the violin, upon which he became a distinguished player.

Antonio was born August 19, 1750, and as soon as he was old enough was sent to the public school to learn Latin, and put under his brother Franz to study the violin, pianoforte, and singing. In process of time, Joseph Simoni, organist in the Cathedral at Legnago, and pupil of the famous Padre Martini of Bologna, became his musical instructor.

Franz was often employed at the church festivals in and about Legnago, to play the violin concerto—a common feature in the service on such occasions. The best musicians of the neighbourhood usually assembled to take part, and thus the saint's celebration became a musical festivity. Little Anton was, from his infancy, passionately fond of music, and, when there was room in the carriage which took his brother to and from the place of his engagement, was allowed to accompany him. When he was ten years old, on such

an occasion there was no room for him, but as the village was not far from home, he started off on foot, without asking permission of his parents, who subsequently suffered no small anxiety at his long absence.

Upon his return with his brother at night, the angry father threatened him with confinement in his room, and bread and water for a week, upon a repetition of the offence. The boy, at first greatly frightened, thought the matter over, and concluded it was not so very bad after all. He was such a full-blooded boy, that he had been taught to drink nothing but water, and remained a water-drinker all his life; perhaps this was the reason for his extraordinary fondness for all sorts of sugar preparations and sweet dishes, for which he was noted in Vienna. According to his own account his father's threat was reasoned upon by him after this manner:—

"The punishment is not so very dreadful, when one can hear such beautiful music in return. Wine, I never drink, any way; I don't like the taste of it unless it is sweet; and as to bread, if I can only get sugar, why I had as lief eat it with bread as any thing else; and at any rate I will begin at once to lay in a little stock of sugar."

The boy had actually laid in a provision against imprisonment by the time his brother had another engagement to which he was unable to take Anton. Let the old man himself tell his childish experience.

"This time I saw my brother drive off with great indifference, as I supposed, and remained quietly at home. After half an hour or so—it was still early in the morning, and my parents, brothers and sisters not yet up—I said to a servant girl I would go to mass, and did really leave the house for that purpose. Quite involuntarily, and contrary to my custom, I selected a more distant church, and one which stood near the city gate, through which my brother had been driven to the village church-festival. After service, I came out of the church really intending to return home, when the thought struck me that that village also was not far from the town. I stood and said to myself: 'My disobedience cannot be so very great a fault, as I am only guilty of it for the sake of hearing sacred music.' Thinking the matter over in this way, my longing for this, as it seemed to me, innocent pleasure, increased, and believing myself unobserved, off I started on the road to the festival. But this time I failed in my reckoning. A person, whom my father had set upon the watch, overtook me when hardly through the city gate, stopped me and led me back home. 'So do you obey me!' cried my father, angrily, 'and so you have forgotten the punishment I threatened? Away to your chamber and get ready for a good dinner.' I sneaked away to my room, like a bird to its cage after a warm bath, and father locked me in. But, as my head was full of the idea that I had not committed any heinous crime, I was not so much cast down; and having a good breakfast with my brother in the morning before he drove off, I was not hungry, so I set myself now to a book, and now to the piano-forte, and waited for the dinner hour, curious to see if my father would really carry out his threat. The hour struck, and sure enough next moment came the servant and brought me a piece (not so very large) of bread, a bottle of water and a glass. After the ugly old woman had placed them all before me, she went out of the room with an ill-boding smile and locked the door again. Well, I saw now that my father was really resolved to keep his word; but the thought of my hidden treasure of sugar lessened the pain. Now I go to the clothes press where I had concealed my store to get a portion of it; I hunt and hunt, not a trace of sugar is to be found! I had entrusted my secret to my sister; she had entrusted it to my mother, and she had entrusted it to my father, who on that very morning before I was brought back had confiscated my entire stock as contraband of war. And now, indeed, I felt the full weight of my punishment, and, as I had on other occasions learned that my father was a man of his word, the terror came upon me of being obliged to pass eight everlasting days shut up, and upon such small rations. Overcome with shame and pain I broke out into loud crying. At this moment, my father, who had been listening, opened the door, and said: 'Ah, ha, my fine gentleman, pretty tricks these of yours! disobeying my orders, hiding away sugar—what will be the end of it all?' Full of repentance I prayed forgiveness, which was granted, with the proviso, that in future, when brother Franz went to a festival, and there was no room for me in the carriage, I must be shut up all day in my room—which sentence was rigidly carried out. After this pathetic scene, I was allowed to go to the table. But as several friends dined there that day, and the story of the sugar had got out, I had to put up with many a banter; indeed for a long time afterward, when I met any one of them, I always had to hear the question: 'Well, Tony, how are you off for sugar?'"

Mosel gives the following anecdote from Salieri's papers as a proof of the feeling for difference in style and for fitness in music with which he was born. He was walking once with his father, when they met a monk who was the organist of his convent. The boy was in the habit of attending the mass and vespers of that church, when performed *musicaliter*, and had often heard this monk, "in the almost universal

style at that time in Italy," prelude on the organ in a *scherzando*, and therefore, for the place, improper style. The father greeted the monk and talked a few moments with him. Tony also greeted him, but with marked coldness, which had also on other occasions attracted his father's notice.

"Why didn't you greet the monk more respectfully?" asked the father after they had separated.

"I would gladly greet him properly," said the boy, "but I don't like him, because he is a bad organist."

"Why, how can you, boy, judge in such matters, you, who have hardly begun to study music?"

"True, I am only a beginner, but if I were in his place, seems to me, I would play the organ with more solemnity."

Before Anton was fifteen years old he had lost, first, his mother, and soon after his father, and misfortunes of divers kinds had fallen upon the family, so that the children,—Franz, the violinist, another son, a monk in Padua, a third son, of whom not even the name is given, Anton and two sisters—six in all—were left almost in bitter poverty. Anton took refuge with the brother in Padua, where he remained until some time in the year 1766, when a Venetian nobleman, Johann Mocenigo, an old friend of his father, who had heard of the sorrows of the Salieri family, became his protector. Mocenigo took the little musician from his brother to Venice, with the intention of sending him to Naples to acquire a thorough musical education.

One evening while in Venice, Anton was present at the first performance of an opera, probably *Adriano in Syria*. His seat was in the parterre, and hard by a box occupied by a lady, who was greeted by a tall, thin man, quite enveloped in a fur cloak, standing near, also in the parterre. The tall man crowded himself before Anton to have a chat with the lady, so that the broad sleeve of his cloak rested on the boy. In course of the conversation it became clear that the stranger was no other than the composer of the new opera—Kapellmeister Pietro Guglielmi—who some two years later brought out his *Ezio* and other works in London.

Nothing but the absorption of his attention by the lady prevented Guglielmi from noticing with what enthusiasm the boy beside him hugged his coat sleeve to his breast, out of pure reverence and love for the composer. Forty years afterwards the French National Institute had occasion to elect a corresponding member in the musical section—the deceased member was Guglielmi, his successor Anton Salieri.

The stay of Anton with Mocenigo in Venice lasted but some three months, during which, however, he was not idle; he studied thoroughly with Pescetti, vice kapellmeister of St. Mark's, and singing with Ferdinand Pacini, a tenor singer in the same Chapel, and lodger in Mocenigo's house.

One of the Carnival operas of that year (1766) at Venice was the *Achille Sciro*, by Metastasio, and the ballet and chamber music composer at the Court of Vienna, Florian Leopold Gassmann, a native of Brüx, in Bohemia, was called thither to compose the music. Ferdinand Pacini was one of the singers employed in it, and consequently made Gassmann's acquaintance. Quite by chance he spoke to the Kapellmeister of the boy Salieri as a youth of much talent, and passionately devoted to music. Gassmann was interested, desired to see him, and was so pleased with Anton's skill, both on the pianoforte and in singing, as to beg him of Mocenigo, and take him to Vienna as his pupil in composition. And thus it happened that the orphan boy, instead of the proposed journey to Naples and musical studies there, entered Vienna, June 15, 1766, as the pupil of the Bohemian German Gassmann, two months before completing his 16th year.

"And here," said he, "I cannot pass over one circumstance which always floats in my grateful memory. The day after my arrival in the capital, my master took me into the Italian church, to offer there my devotions. As we were going home he said to me, 'I thought it my duty to begin your musical education with God. Now it will depend upon you, whether its results shall be good or bad; I shall at all events have done my duty. Men of that sort are rare! I promised him eternal gratitude for all the good he should do me, and, praised be God! I have the right to boast that I honourably proved myself grateful so long as he lived, and, after his death, to his family.' A truth which all Vienna can confirm, and which, no less than his distinguished talents, made him the object of universal respect—adds Mosel.

Gassmann arranged the boy's studies and divided his time in a manner which fortunately the pupil in later years put upon record,—fortunately, for it shows why "there were giants in those days," to use the Old Testament phrase, or rather how those whom nature intended as such, reached their full development. It must not be forgotten that the pupil had already conquered the ordinary difficulties of the pianoforte, the violin, and singing—reading of music being a matter of course—and had had instruction in thorough bass. At this point Gassmann takes him in charge, the end aimed at being the mastery of vocal—especially operatic—composition.

Anton was at once provided with a master in the German and French languages, and a priest, Don Pietro Tommasi, gave him lessons in Latin, Italian, poetry, and other branches of knowledge, which bore upon the science of his future profession. All these teachers gave him daily instruction. With a young Bohemian, whose name seems to have escaped Salieri's memory, he continued his studies in thorough bass, in the reading of scores and the violin, and at the same time Gassmann himself began to teach him counterpoint. To make his progress in this branch—better to say, in the very foundation of the art of composition,—more easy and rapid, Tommasi was directed to devote a part of every Latin lesson to the translation of a passage from Fux's "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," which celebrated work was made by Gassmann the basis of his system of instruction.

Mosel, the mutilator of Handel's works, a man whose name one cannot bear with patience, when one thinks of his editions of *Samson* and *Belshazzar* (save the mark!)—*Samson* with the entire part of Harapha, the Philistine giant, omitted—this J. F. Edler von Mosel, infinite as he was in some points, had also some good ideas. And here is one of them. "One sees," says he, "with what zeal, circumspection, and at the same time adaptation to the end proposed, Salieri's musical education was arranged and conducted. The disciples of art in those days did not gain the title of composer so cheaply as now, when every one, as soon as he knows that two pure fifths or octaves must not follow each other immediately, believes himself a master of composition, and that all other branches of knowledge, which a real and worthy composer considers indispensably necessary, are superfluous, and the study of them as mere loss of time."

One of Gassmann's sternest commands was that his pupil should confine himself entirely to his study of the rules in his music; but the latter's longing to compose was irresistible, and when alone he gave way to it, now writing an instrumental, and then a vocal piece, as it happened, composing his own text for the latter. These pieces he carefully hid in his bed, to enjoy at leisure, but they were discovered, and his master gave him a severe reprimand and forbade him, without special permission, to take note paper from his room—he was not yet ripe for composition. Salieri took care to obey in the matter of the note paper, but the injunction to confine himself, for the present, exclusively to the grammatical rules of music he very soon forgot, and every bit of white paper he could lay his hands on was immediately ruled with staves and filled with his musical ideas, good, bad or indifferent.

(To be continued.)

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. Franz Grönings (from the Cologne Conservatorium of Music) gave his second subscription concert on Friday evening last, in the Oddfellows' Hall, to a select and numerous audience, when the following artistes were engaged:—Miss Leybourne (from the Newcastle Harmonic Society's Concerts); Mr. David Lambert, and Mr. John Hart. Solo violin, Mr. John Wood, pupil of Mr. H. Blagrove; piano soloist and accompanist, Mr. F. Grönings. Miss Leybourne, who has won a high local reputation, sang with taste and feeling, but was evidently suffering from cold. Mr. Lambert, who made his first appearance at Middlesbrough, met with an enthusiastic reception, and rendered "Rolling on foaming billows," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," in masterly style. The last was encored, a compliment also awarded to the Pedlar's Song, from the *Son and Stranger*, by Mendelssohn; in acknowledgment of which he gave the favorite Old English song, "The Holy Friar." He was also encored in a song by Sinclair, "Johnny Sands." The instrumental pieces were well played. The vocal quartettes were sung by Messrs. Hart, Fidler, Wilkinson, and James, and gave great satisfaction. Mr. John Wood was leader of the band, and Mr. Franz Grönings was conductor.—*From Durham County Advertiser*, March 18th.

WESTBOURNE HALL, BAYSWATER.—A concert took place on the 17th inst., at the above hall, at which the following artistes were engaged:—Mesdames Louisa Vinning, Oliviero, Laura Baxter, Helen Percy, Misses Georgi and Constance Georgi; Messrs. Paul Standish and Lewis Thomas; Miss Matilda Baxter (Piano), Herr Goffrie (Violin), Mr. Lazarus (Clarinet), Mr. Maycock (Corno di bassetto), and Mr. Reynolds (Double bass). Madame Louisa Vinning received the only encore of the evening, in Mr. C. F. Hargitt's "May morning." The conductors were Mr. C. F. Hargitt, and M. Emile Berger.

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Creation* was given as a public rehearsal last week by the Sacred Harmonic Society and went off well. Mr. Henry Farmer has engaged the Pyne and Harrison party for a concert on Friday the 1st of April.

DELPHI THEATRE.—Miss Bateman, after a week's repose, will resume, on Easter Monday, her great character of *Leah*, in that drama, which will be reproduced with entirely new scenery, dresses, appointments, &c.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

MARCH 5, 1864.

Mr. Zerrahn's larger plan of Philharmonic Concerts having come to naught, the lovers of Symphony naturally turned to Mr. Eichberg's novel little cabinet experiment of orchestral performances in Chickering's Hall. The first of his two *soirées* took place last Saturday evening, with a select and eager audience, not exceeding 200 people. The concert-giver had no thought of making money; he only wished to make his bow for the first time before the "appreciative few" in the character of a conductor of classical orchestral music: and to this end bring them into such close quarters with some symphonies (smaller gems in that kind, such as a small band might render), that no sound, no smallest trait of the musical structure should be lost. Hence the small saloon instead of the great Music Hall, and accordingly a small orchestra of 24 instruments. His selection of pieces, all of them familiar ones, was choice; it was a programme to keep one awake and lively. One listened with increasing zest; and it was well that there were none of the so-called "attractions" and "varieties," in the shape of songs and solos, to dull the appetite for a pure feast of orchestra. There were just four pieces:

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| 1. Symphony in E flat major | Haydn. |
| 2. Allegretto Scherzando, from 8th Symphony | Beethoven. |
| 3. Overture "Preciosa" | Weber. |
| 4. First Symphony in C major | Beethoven. |

The result was not only new enjoyment, but a new sharpening of the critical faculties on the part of the listeners. On the one hand, probably the beauty and the marvellously cunning structure of those familiar compositions had never before been so keenly realized by them; while on the other hand all the defects and crudities in the rendering, unnoticed in the Music Hall, were glaringly apparent. All were convinced of one thing: that Mr. Eichberg has the musicianship, the brain, the feeling, quick perception, energy and self-possession, to conduct an orchestra in the execution of its highest tasks. Nothing on his part seemed wanting; although in candor we must say that much was wanting in the obedience of the musicians to his wishes and clear signs. There was, in the Haydn Symphony at least, a great deal of coarse playing, lack of delicate shading, a monotonous loudness in the first violins, and never anything like a *pianissimo*. This was largely owing, no doubt, to the untried situation; it revealed the habit of indifferent and uncritical rehearsal, that which had passed muster in the Music Hall not being equal to this finer test; and moreover, Mr. E. must have had small chances of rehearsal and of establishing a quick magnetic relationship between himself and his musicians. There was too much also of the same dead, level stress weighing upon the buoyant rhythm of the Beethoven Allegretto, which was taken the first time too slow—a fault corrected when a repetition was demanded. Weber's fresh, delightful and romantic overture went better; and the Beethoven Symphony better still; indeed that might be called an uncommonly nice performance; which seems to prove that the instruments required a little time to feel and measure their own power in the little hall. We doubt not that next time the experience of this first trial will be carefully and critically turned to good account, and that the pieces will be *finely*, as well as correctly, rendered. Conductor and orchestra will know each other better, and will know the medium in which they work.

Two drawbacks, of course, were intrinsic and unavoidable. First, the hall is as much too small for *any* orchestra as the Music Hall is too large for a small orchestra. Every *forte* tone upon a trumpet, for instance, startles you with a terrible blast, and this may not be remedied by blowing it *piano*, since that is not the kind of tone required. Secondly, alike for a small room or a great one, the proportion of the various classes of instruments in a skeleton or outline orchestra cannot be good; the retrenchment is wholly in one family, the strings, while the indispensable pairs of oboes, clarinets, trumpets, &c., remain at the full complement; for these there is no minimum below what the largest orchestra commonly requires.

If we have dwelt more than is our wont upon defects, it is because the unwonted conditions forced one to listen critically, making close scrutiny unavoidable. It was placing the Symphony under a microscope to play it in that small hall. It was not that the orchestra did not play as well as they did elsewhere; or that they did not play *con amore* and with much credit to themselves; nor was it that the conductor was not richly equal to his task. It only proved what unrelaxing patience of rehearsal, what nice continual refinement upon its own work, an orchestra requires in order to a really fine symphonic rendering under the magnifying lens of so uncompromising a test. A natural effect of such an experiment will be to prompt to much more close and critical rehearsals than have been found necessary (even if they have been possible) hitherto.

But with all these drawbacks, and far outweighing them all, there

is no denying a positive peculiar pleasure which attended Mr. Eichberg's concert, and which has made it heartily talked over as one of the most delightful musical events of the season. That pleasure consisted partly in the good impression made by the conductor, and in this new confirmation of what we have long heard and known of his sound, intelligent, high-toned musicianship; partly in the tact and true refinement displayed in the programme; but above all in having such familiar, admirable masterpieces placed before us in so clear and strong a light, that there was no feature lost. It was a new revelation of many a trait of beauty and artistic treatment, which may ordinarily escape one. Every little accessory phrase, or bit of imitation in the middle parts; every coloring or tempering of a note by this or that wind instrument; in short, the whole logical internal structure or proper *composition* of the work, the strict evolution of the superb whole from its germ or *motive*, with all the appertaining graces, and the glorious freedom with which genius works out and illustrates law:—all this became unusually apparent, in fact unescapable. It only needs continuance of such trials, study of fine shades and delicacy, to realize for audience and performers ere long all this pleasure without any drawback of heaviness or coarseness. And we sincerely trust that Mr. Eichberg will be encouraged to go on in this good direction, and, having demonstrated in this small way to a few what can be done, and what he is competent to do, that then he will take a somewhat larger hall, and with a somewhat larger orchestra, give us no end of Symphonies according to his ideal. Such a talent and such culture should not be allowed to drudge for ever in the nightly routine of a common theatre.

We presume no one went to the performance of Costa's *Eli*, at the Handel and Haydn Society, Sunday evening before last, expecting to hear a *great* work, a work of real creative genius, taking rank with Handel, Mendelssohn, &c. It was pretty generally agreed, we think, when it was first performed here in 1857, as it is agreed in London, to accept it as a musician-like, pleasing and effective work of highly respectable excellence, but not of marked originality. The work of an Italian, who is not one-sided in his notions, who has lived long in England, and been for years the chief conductor, not only of Italian and all sorts of opera, but of the Birmingham and other festivals, of all the oratorios of the great German masters. Of course all this has given depth and breadth to his musicianship. Wherever his music flows the clearest, there is the reflection of a Mendelssohnian sky upon its surface. And even that is creditable. The best parts are the choruses, some of which are worked up learnedly to a grand result. There are some beautiful and touching airs also; and the orchestration is clever. Such as it is, it had the benefit of a good performance this time. The great organ, with its voluminous sub-basses, lifted up the choruses and added vastly to their fullness, certainty and grandeur. (Once or twice, perhaps, the weight of organ tone was even too great.) Mr. Zerrahn had drilled his singers well; the balance of the parts seemed to us unusually good.

The solo singing was for the most part well up to all reasonable requirements, with the exception of the want of strength in Mr. Wheeler's tenor voice, which strove at disadvantage against the powerful accompaniments of those martial airs (the voice of Reeves rings like a trumpet in them), and which by that very effort became dry and hard, sometimes a little sharp. We can respect this sacrifice of himself in an ungrateful service, for we have all known how sweet and artistically trained a tenor he is in the right place. Mr. Rudolphsen's rich bass voice told well in the airs and rather sleepy recitatives which fall to the share of Eli. Miss Houston was in excellent voice and, allowing for some nervousness, gave brilliant effect to the air, "I will extol thee," and fine expression to all the soprano solos. The most interesting solo part is that of the young Samuel, whose morning and evening prayer, as well as all his music, found most satisfactory treatment in the pure, chaste, fresh and innocent voice and delivery of Mrs. J. S. Cary.

At the Orchestral Union there were two more interesting Wednesday afternoon concerts. That of Feb. 24th had for Overture that to Weber's *Oberon*, and for Symphony Mendelssohn's "Italian," both of them genial works, which never lose their freshness. The latter claimed a special interest, heard so soon after the overture to his *Heinrich aus der Fremde*, in which its first movement seems to lie in embryo. The organist of the occasion, Mrs. L. S. Frohock, whose first appearance it was, amply justified the reputation which she has acquired in Western cities (as Miss Tillinghast), for her skill in rendering the great organ works of Bach. There was much curiosity to hear her, and the Music Hall was full. Bach's Toccata in F was a severe test to put herself to, and some nervousness betrayed itself in a certain unsteadiness of tempo; it would have been better, too, if she had not yielded to advice in trying to commend it to the popular ear by change of stops, where Bach intended none. But it was plain that she has

talent, with remarkable execution both with hands and feet, that she understands and loves such music, and is indeed an accomplished organist. Yielding to advice again, instead of giving her own choice, a Sonata of Mendelssohn, for the second piece, she played an *Offertoire* by Battiste, one of which we have not heard before, called *Offertoire du Saint Jour de Pâques* consisting of variations on a Catholic Choral. It was not uninteresting, and was tastefully and clearly rendered.

At the seventh concert, last Wednesday, Mozart's sterling overture to *La Clemenza di Tito* was revived, after a long interval; the instruments were in uncommonly good tune, and made a fresh, bright, clear, tone-picture of it. Gade's 6th Symphony, in B flat, was played for the second time, and we enjoyed it even better than before. The same dreamy melancholy, wild, sea-shore-like, yet tender, which we feel in his earlier works, pervades it. The themes are interesting, the form develops naturally from them, the instrumental colouring is very harmonious, subdued and rich, and the whole thing is graceful and poetic. Since his first Symphony, in C minor, which drew such warm congratulations from Mendelssohn (see translations on our first page), the Danish composer has hardly kept the promise which that work held out. Succeeding Symphonies were weak and manneristic. We would give a trifle to know what Mendelssohn would say to the sixth one. Can there be any denying that it is a fine Symphony? It was smoothly and clearly rendered too. On the Great Organ Mr. J. K. Paine played in his truly organ-like and masterly manner. First an *Offertoire* of his own composition, a serious, calm, religious one, not a captivating effect piece; not catching the general ear like the French brilliants by that name, not particularly striking in its themes, but harmonizing well with serious meditation, organ-like in style and spirit, musician-like in treatment. Then he played again the grand, the inexhaustible *Pasacaglia* in C minor, by Bach, which came out even grander and clearer than before. How steadily and wonderfully it broadens, deepens, clothing itself with still more majesty as it grows and gathers onward, the great deep bass tones of the same unwearied solemn theme still sounding on beneath! It swells the breasts and lifts the soul, like climbing among the mountains, to listen and give oneself fully up to such a work.

PETITE MESSE SOLO NELLE.

(Au Rédacteur du Musical World.)

MONSIEUR.—Cette fois j'ai la rare bonne fortune de pouvoir vous parler d'une œuvre inédite de Rossini. Il y a si longtemps que le maître, retiré dans sa gloire, assis comme un demi-dieu sur son trône d'or, a vu commencer pour lui la postérité, à l'âge où le génie est dans toute sa force; si longtemps qu'il résiste à toutes les sollicitations et à tous les regrets, qu'on n'espérât plus le voir sortir de son calme impassible et de sa sérénité olympienne. Il vient de rompre son silence par un coup d'éclat. Sa *Messe* aura un plus grand retentissement, elle a une plus haute valeur musicale que son *Stabat*; elle renferme d'incomparables beautés. Il y a dans cette composition superbe un souffle, une puissance d'inspiration qui vous enlèvent; une âme et une fleur de jeunesse prodigieuses, une grandeur de pensée et de sentiment, tempérée parfois et adoucie par une tendresse et une mélancolie suaves qu'on chercherait vainement dans tout ce que nous admirons du même auteur; enfin, c'est un chef-d'œuvre qu'il peut signer avec orgueil et qu'il peut montrer à côté de ses plus beaux chefs-d'œuvre.

Cette messe n'est pas encore instrumentée; elle vient d'être achevée à peine; elle était enfermée sous une triple clef, dans ce tiroir jaloux où le maître enfouit tout ce qu'il écrit au jour le jour: mélodies fugitives, pages ébauchées, ravissants morceaux de pianos; car le repos de Rossini est plus fécond que la stérile agitation de tant de laborieux et fastidieux compositeurs. Quelques amis des plus intimes étaient dans le secret; mais ils n'avaient pu fléchir cette volonté tenace qui sait colorer ses refus par un mot aimable ou par une douce ironie. C'est M. le comte Pillet-Will qui est parvenu à faire lever les scellés; il a eu la primeur de cette admirable messe qu'on a exécutée chez lui, lundi dernier: cadeau vraiment royal, faveur enviée dont il est digne à tous les titres. Il a inauguré, par cette soirée mémorable, le magnifique hôtel qu'il vient de faire construire dans la rue Moncey. C'est une demeure princière, à laquelle on parvient par de larges avenues, bordées de vieux arbres. Le goût le plus sévère a présidé à cette grande et noble habitation: de vastes pièces d'un grand style, une décoration très riche mais où rien n'attire l'œil, l'or amortissant, son éclat, le luxe se dissimulant et se faisant modeste, des tapisseries et des tentures d'un dessin charmant et des tons les plus doux, quelques beaux tableaux, quelques marbres rares, voilà ce qui frappe au premier abord, et partout on admire cette harmonie parfaite, cette simplicité grandiose, qui révèlent chez le maître du logis la nature fine et élevée d'un artiste. Dans ces salons splendides, M. Pillet-Will a réuni l'élite de la société parisienne et lui a fait les honneurs de l'œuvre nouvelle avec

une courtoisie et une prévenance rare. Les invitations avaient été d'abord très limitées; mais comment ne point céder aux instances de ce qu'il y a de plus illustre et de plus charmant? Tout Paris, ce soir-là, aurait voulu tenir dans cet hôtel, j'allais dire dans ce château, de la rue Moncey. Aussi, bien avant l'heure, toutes les places étaient prises, et les salons remplis de jeunes femmes, non moins belles qu'intépides, offraient le plus éblouissant coup d'œil.

Il n'y avait pour tout accompagnement, dans le salon principal, que deux pianos et un orgue. Autour de ces instruments se groupaient quelques élèves du Conservatoire, conduits par M. Jules Cohen. Rossini avait désigné le jeune compositeur, et lui avait donné cette preuve de confiance. Les deux sœurs Marchisio (Mme Carlotta et Mlle Barbara), Gardoni et Agnesi étaient tout près du piano, où s'est assis M. Georges Mathias. L'autre piano était tenu par Peruzzi. A dix heures moins quelques minutes il s'est fait un grand silence. Les artistes et les chœurs se sont levés, et des les premières notes du "Kyrie," l'auditoire a été dans le ravissement. On ne saurait rien imaginer de plus beau et de plus exquis que ce morceau, d'un sentiment religieux très profond et très élevé. Les harmonies qui l'accompagnent sont d'une nouveauté et d'une richesse inouïes. Après un tel début, il n'y a qu'un homme du génie de Rossini qui puisse ne point déchoir. Le "Christe," canon à quatre parties, est plein de douceur et d'onction. Le "Gloria" commence d'une façon triomphale et superbe; l'auditoire a bondi à cette impétueuse attaque, à cette irrésistible explosion d'enthousiasme et de joie éclatante. Et l'on viendra nous dire, après cela, que Dieu ne veut être loué que sur un mode triste, aride, et monotone, qu'il ne permet que le plain chant, et qu'il réprouve cette admirable musique, évidemment inspirée par Lui! Allons donc! C'est une hérésie et un blasphème. Le "Laudamus" est d'un caractère profondément religieux: c'est une douce et touchante psalmodie des voix, soutenues par des accords profonds; rien de plus simple et de plus pénétrant. A ce morceau succède un trio (Gardoni, Agnesi et Mlle. Barbara Marchisio), sur le "Gratias agimus tibi." Le "Domine," solo (Gardoni), est un morceau d'un grand effet; mais la forme en est dramatique et il est plus fait pour théâtre que pour une église. Le "Qui tollis," au contraire, est une des plus divines inspirations qu'un musicien ait jamais reçues directement du ciel. Il y a dans ce merveilleux duo (Carlotta et Barbara Marchisio) des accents pleins de larmes—des gémissements, des sanglots qui vous brisent l'âme. Sur ces mots: "Miserere nobis," le maître a placé une phrase d'une tendresse infinie, qui fait vibrer les plus intimes cordes de l'être humain. Le morceau est accompagné en arpegges comme le fameux prélude en *Ut* (No. 1) de Bach. On applaudissait et on pleurait. Le "Quoniam," solo de basse (Agnesi), précède le dernier morceau de la première partie: le "Cum sancto Spiritu." C'est un morceau fugué, d'une beauté prodigieuse et d'un effet qui ne se peut décrire. On dirait une pluie d'étoiles, une gerbe de rayons, une succession d'éclairs aveuglants. Les voix se suivent, se pressent, se croisent, se développent, se joignent, se dépassent, roulent et tourbillonnent sur elles-mêmes avec l'impétuosité de l'ouragan, le retentissement du tonnerre et la rapidité de la foudre. Mais on sent toujours la main qui gouverne et maîtrise ce déchaînement des masses vocales; nulle confusion, nulle obscurité, nul désordre. Une volonté sereine et puissante dirige tous ces mouvements, domine toutes ces forces et les fait converger vers le même but. Voilà l'usage que le génie sait faire de la science. Ah! cyclopes de l'avenir! vous avez beau rassembler des milliers de voix, frapper de vos marteaux de plomb les enclumes sonores, sonner les cloches et tirer le canon! Vous ferez du bruit, mais jamais de l'harmonie ou de la mélodie. Avec une vingtaine de voix, un piano et quelques notes d'orgue, sans cuivres, sans timbales et sans contrebasses, celui qu'on nommait jadis, en raillant, "maître Tambour," vous a montré quels prodiges de sonorité et d'éclat, on peut produire par les moyens les plus simples. O pédants de tous les temps et de tous les pays, détracteurs aveugles ou jaloux de la lumière qui vous éblouit, avouez votre impuissance et tombez à genoux! On a voulu entendre deux fois cette fugue immortelle. L'auditoire était ému, frémissant; les dames, à demi levées, criaient *bis*; les hommes battaient des mains; les plus graves personnages étaient sortis de leur calme officiel: des ministres, des ambassadeurs, des prélats, les grands noms de la politique et de la finance formaient un chœur des plus enthousiastes et des plus bruyants. Meyerbeer et Auber, les amis du maître et ses pairs illustres, donnaient le signal des bravos et conduisaient le concert des louanges. Rossini, seul, manquait à son triomphe. Il était resté chez lui, moins par modestie que par besoin de repos, et il allait se mettre paisiblement au lit, pendant qu'on admirait et qu'on acclamait son nouveau chef-d'œuvre.

La deuxième partie de l'ouvrage est peut-être supérieure à la première pour l'élévation du style et la profondeur du sentiment religieux. Le "Credo" est fort beau. Le "Crucifixus" (Mme. Carlotta Marchisio) est d'une suavité et d'une tendresse incomparables. Après quoi, le chœur entonne un merveilleux "Resurrexit," composition grandiose dans le style fugué. Le sujet de ce morceau est d'une beauté rare, et

le contre-sujet en gamme débute d'une façon très neuve et très saillante. Le prélude religieux, morceau d'orgue écrit pour être joué pendant l'offertoire (M. Georges Mathias), est des plus curieuses et des plus intéressantes. Le maître s'y est surpassé. Elle rappelle les compositions des grands clavicinistes du bon temps : les Scarlati, les Frescobaldi, les Couperin, avec une mélancolie qu'ils ne connaissaient pas. Les deux derniers morceaux sont, à mon gré, les plus beaux de l'œuvre. On les a bissés l'un et l'autre, au milieu d'acclamations frénétiques. Je me demande ce que l'on aurait fait dans une église, où il est défendu d'applaudir. Le "Sanctus" (Barbara Marchisio) est une mélodie délicieuse, et je n'ai rien entendu de ma vie qui m'ait touché autant que l'"Agnus Dei." La voix alterne avec le chœur. Aucune expression ne peut rendre l'effet que produit la phrase si simple que le maître a écrite sur ces mots : "Dona eis pacem." C'est, en réalité, la paix profonde, l'extase et la joie du paradis.

Il est à souhaiter que Rossini ne tarde pas à orchestrer sa messe. Une telle œuvre ne doit pas rester incomplète. J'espère aussi qu'il n'en privera pas le public : ce serait plus que de la dureté, ce serait presque de l'ingratitude. Quand on a reçu de tels dons, de telles lumières, on ne les met pas sous le boisseau. Après cela, des esprits rigides trouveront peut-être à redire à la forme d'un ou deux morceaux ; ceci est trop dramatique, ou trop pompeux, ou trop mondain ; ceci sent trop son école italienne. Qu'importe ? Chacun prie à sa manière ; mais ce que les critiques et les musiciens de toutes les écoles et de toutes les opinions, ce que les apôtres même les plus exclusifs du vieux chant grégorien ne pourront nier, c'est qu'il y a dans cette petite messe (c'est ainsi que l'auteur l'a nommée, et il faut bien lui passer sa petite pointe), qu'il y a dans cette œuvre admirable quatre morceaux hors ligne : le "Kyrie," le "Cum Sancto," le "Sanctus" et l'"Agnus," qui égalent et surpassent les plus belles compositions religieuses signées des Bach, des Durante, des Handel, des Haydn et des Mozart.

Après l'audition du nouveau chef-d'œuvre, on s'est repandu dans les salons. On s'extasiait sur les beautés de la musique et sur la supériorité vraiment rare de l'exécution. On se pressait autour de Mme. Rossini ; on félicitait les artistes : Mmes. Marchisio, Gardoni, Agnesi, Georges Mathias, et Jules Cohen, qui avait si habilement conduit les chœurs.

Paris, 22 Mars.

P. A. FIORENTINO.

CE QUI SE PASSE À PARIS.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.)

Monsieur, — Un autre vous aura parlé de la Petite Messe Solennelle de Rossini. L'illustre maître n'a pas voulu assister à l'exécution définitive, qui a été encore plus remarquable, que celle de la répétition générale qu'il a surveillée. Pendant qu'on l'applaudissait et qu'on l'acclamait dans les salons de l'hôtel Pillet-Will, il était demeuré tranquillement chez lui, laissant à Mme Rossini le soin de recueillir l'ovation et de la lui rapporter. Feu Béranger, renfermé dans sa modestie marquoise comme dans une sorte d'hermitage philosophique, n'aurait rien imaginé de mieux que cette bonhomie détachée du plus grand des Italiens contemporains. J'ose dire pourtant que Rossini a perdu en n'assistant pas à cette fête. Je ne parle pas des bravos ; sur ce chapitre, il a le droit d'être blasé, mais il aurait goûté un spectacle rare qu'ont entrevu quelques esprits attentifs, celui d'une messe, d'un morceau religieux exécuté à dix heures du soir, devant un auditeur de femmes en grande toilette, pour inaugurer l'hôtel d'un patricien protestant, en présence du nonce du pape, qui causait d'un air de bienveillance courtoise avec l'ambassadeur de Turquie, tandis qu'un artiste, israélite dirigeait l'orchestre. Ainsi, sans qu'on s'en doutât, toutes les grandes puissances de ce monde, toutes les forces invincibles qui finissent par produire la tolérance, la civilisation et la liberté ! c'est-à-dire d'abord le génie, puis ensuite la politique et l'argent, avaient travaillé pour produire cette soirée exceptionnelle. Que la musique en garde tout l'honneur ; nous ne l'avons jamais vue mériter aussi bien la gloire à laquelle elle prétend, celle de fonder les cœurs et de réunir les hommes dans une commune et divine harmonie.

Judi dernier, 17 mars, à eu lieu, au cimetière Montmartre, l'inauguration du monument élevé à la mémoire d'Halévy. Il y avait juste deux ans que ce musicien avait été conduit à la dernière demeure. Comme le jour des obsèques, un splendide soleil rayonnait sur la nécropole, comme ce jour aussi, la foule était accourue ; enfin, juste à la même heure où les voix des amis affligés exprimaient d'amers regrets sur cette tombe ouverte, s'est élevée, deux ans après, la voix de M. le comte de Nieuwerkerke. Il y avait beaucoup de monde dans le cimetière israélite, et il y en avait plus encore dans le grand cimetière. L'Institut, le Conservatoire, les théâtres, les Sociétés des auteurs et des compositeurs, les arts enfin et la littérature étaient dignement représentés. Cependant, nous avons cherché dans la foule bien des figures connues que nous n'avons pu découvrir et qui cependant auraient dû être au premier rang. Le conservatoire, la jeunesse était nombreuse du moins, on l'a remarqué avec plaisir. La famille d'Halévy était représentée par M.M. Léon Halévy, Ludovic Halévy, Edgard Rodrigues,

Fernand Rodrigues et Williams Busnach. A trois heures précises, la commission, chargée de l'érection du monument, s'est réunie autour du mausolée. Cette commission, présidée par M. Auber, était composée de M.M. le général Mellinet, le comte de Nieuwerkerke, le prince Poniatowski, le baron Taylor (vice-présidents) ; De M.M. Edouard Bertin Jules Cohen, Emile Perrin, Alphonse Royer, Saint-Georges, Ambroise Thomas, L. Véron, et Edouard Monnaie (secrétaire), &c., &c. La cérémonie a été ouverte par un chœur de *Guido et Ginevra*, chanté par les élèves du Conservatoire sous la direction de M. Pasdeloup. C'est alors que les voiles qui entouraient la statue ont été enlevés. Halévy est représenté dans le costume de cérémonie des membres de l'Institut ; sur l'habit se drape un manteau dont les larges plis donnent à la statue un aspect majestueux. Halévy à les mains croisées à la hauteur de la ceinture et tient dans la droite une plume. Cette position simple lui était familière, M. Duret l'a parfaitement saisie. La tête est belle, vraie, sérieuse sans rigidité ; l'artiste a compris on ne peut mieux le caractère de cette bouche qui accusait tant de finesse, de circonspection, d'esprit et de bonte. De l'œuvre de M. Duret c'est la tête que je préfère. Le monument a été construit par M. Le Bas, que des liens de famille rattachaient à Fromental Halévy. Le tombeau s'élève à l'extrémité du cimetière israélite. Sur un piédestal de granit rouge s'étagent trois gradins de marbre blanc, ornés de trente-deux couronnes formant goussons et contenant les titres des œuvres d'Halévy. La statue se dresse au-dessus de ces couronnes. En somme, le monument est digne de celui qu'il rappelle. Le discours prononcé par M. le comte de Nieuwerkerke, surintendant des Beaux-Arts, a été beau et flatteur. La musique de la garde de Paris ensuite exécuté la marche triomphale de la Reine de Chypre, et la cérémonie s'est terminée. Mais, longtemps encore, une foule est restée près du monument, désormais le but d'un pèlerinage artistique pour tous ceux qui aiment la musique de Halévy.

A l'occasion de l'anniversaire de la naissance de S. A. le Prince Impérial, les théâtres ont été illuminés mercredi soir.

M. le comte Baciocchi, chambellan de l'Empereur et surintendant général des théâtres, a remis, lundi dernier, à Mlle. Adelina Patti, un magnifique cadeau de la part de Leurs Majestés. Le cadeau impérial consiste en une paire de boucles d'oreilles en perles et diamants d'une grande valeur.

MM. les auteurs et compositeurs célèbres sont entrain de se donner un nouveau genre : ils annoncent partout et bien haut qu'ils vont cesser d'écrire. Jacques Offenbach vient de déclarer qu'il ne donnerait plus de partition aux Bouffes avant un an. George Sand veut laisser passer cinq ans avant de donner un digne pendant au *Marquis de Villemer*. Enfin, dans une lettre adressée à M. Paul de Saint-Victor, M. Alexandre Dumas fils affirme que l'*Ami des femmes* est sa dernière œuvre. Toutes ces déclarations ressemblent furieusement aux petits serments que l'on fait après boire. Si George Sand ne nous donne pas plutôt une charmante comédie, c'est qu'elle prépare un roman comme elle sait si bien l'écrire, et dont le style et la passion font des chefs-d'œuvre. Si Dumas fils ne donne plus rien au Gymnase, c'est qu'il ruine quelque jolie pièce pour le Théâtre-Français. Quant à Offenbach, il nous promet tout simplement, cet hiver, les *Fies du Rhin*, au Théâtre-Lyrique.

Dimanche, Alexandre Dumas, — le véritable, le seul, le père, l'homme qui a conçu *Antony*, *Christine*, *Marana*, etc., etc., — assistait à la représentation de l'Opéra Comique, et paraissait prendre un vif plaisir à écouter les *René-vous bourgeois*, où (était-ce pour fêter le grand musicien ?) les acteurs ont multiplié les plus folles cascades et les excentricités les plus imprévues. Alexandre Dumas père aurait amené avec lui, de Naples, une chanteuse très remarquable qui pourrait bien se produire sur une scène parisienne. Alexandre Dumas est, du reste, le héros de toutes les dernières solennités dramatiques. Il était, mercredi, à la première des *Georgiennes*, aux Bouffes. Une allusion grotesque à la situation de la *Tour de Nesle* l'a mis en belle humeur, et toute la salle avec lui.

La première représentation du *Lara* de M. Maillart au lieu, à l'Opéra Comique, lundi 21, — en dépit de l'irrévocablement vendredi 18 mars, etc., qu'on pouvait lire, toute la semaine passée, dans les deux organes officiels du théâtre Favart.

Un théâtre va se bâtir dans le quartier Saint-Antoine, qui aura pour directeurs M.M. Berthollet, ex-régisseur général à Beaumarchais, et Desfossez, — probablement l'ancien *impresario* des scènes du Havre, d'Amiens, de Strasbourg, Metz, etc.

Mme Charton-Demeur est attendue à Paris d'un jour à l'autre. — Il est bien juste que les Madrilènes et les habitants de la vieille Lutèce possèdent tour à tour ce magnifique talent lyrique, chaleureusement apprécié dans deux parties du monde, car l'Amérique était, il y a deux ans, Mme Charton-Demeur.

Paris, 21 Mars.

MUSCAU DE CHEVET.

MAYENCE. — Herr Gustav Schmidt's opera, *La Rôle*, has been successfully produced.

NOTICES.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—While your special correspondent, whom I have seen at no fewer than three representations of *Mireille*, prepares the lengthy and detailed account with which your readers are threatened, several observations from a dilettante may not be *de trop*.

The Provençal poem from which the subject for M. Gounod's new opera has been borrowed by M. Michael Carré—that old hand and expert—though not devoid of the dramatic element, has less of it than *Faust*. M. Mistral, unlike Goethe in every respect, is purely and simply a poet. His *Mireille*, it is true, is an exquisite creation—a woman who might almost have figured in one of Shakspeare's plays; but the personages by which she is surrounded are more or less abstractions—sculptured images at the best, about which M. Mistral has hung garlands of poesy, instead of endowing them with the breath of life. These garlands, indeed, are calculated to hide, in a great measure, that external resemblance to the human form—not always so “divine” as a certain great minstrel would insinuate—which is a common property of statues. In stripping them of these appendages M. Carré has done his behoof as a dramatist; but he has failed to bestow the peculiar touches by means of which a great master of the representation of human character would force us to believe them mortal. He has, however, produced a piece sufficiently interesting, with a marked incident in each of the five *tableaux*, into which the opera is divided, and of which I must perforce allow Mr. D. Peters to give you an elaborate description. The prevalent coloring of the drama is idyllic; and this is strongly felt and delightfully reproduced by M. Gounod, in the larger part of his music—of which, as a dilettante, I at once take the liberty to express my fervent admiration. The last opera I had the fortune, or misfortune, to hear in Paris, was *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, of M. Georges Bizet. By this *Pêcheur* I was infinitely bored, and said as much in a letter, which you did me the honor to publish, and for which—although he consented to most of my views, I was somewhat tartly rated by Mr. D. Peters. This will explain why I decline, that gentleman being in Paris, to offer anything like an opinion “*raisonnée*” of the beauties (merits) in too vague a term) that abound in *Mireille*. But I must say openly, that, if M. Bizet was a fisher after pearls, M. Gounod is already a possessor of pearls—that is, pearls of melody—in redundancy. He fishes not for such pearls; they come to him in “strings.” The first two acts of *Mireille* are crammed full of them; the ear is satiated with tune—tune of the most genuine, tune of the freshest and most tickling. The third act is graver.

Here the “Supernatural” stares M. Gounod grimly in the visage; and I am not quite sure that he has been able to gaze at it with less “anxious polypsopy” than M. Berlioz at the “hurried strokes” of Beethoven (let Mr. Peters decide this point). In the fourth act the melody again comes gurgling forth in superabundance; and let me state, with due bashfulness, that this fourth act is the one most nearly after my own heart. There is a shepherd, with a pipe; and *Mireille*, with a song, the simple beauty of which —; but I transgress my limits; I exist in mortal fear of Mr. Peters. *Enfin*, in the fifth act, there is a church on the stage, an organ in the *coulisses*, &c., which, in a measure, bring back *Faust* once more. Of these you will hear anon.

To conclude, *Mireille* was received with enthusiasm at the first performance, with greater enthusiasm at the second, and with greatest enthusiasm at the third. I do not pretend to judge, and do not presume to foretell; but, as an humble amateur, I avow my implicit belief that this new opera of M. Gounod—in spite of what M. Azevedo has said in the *Opinion Nationale*, and what M. Scudo is about to say in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*—will add to the fame of the composer who set *Faust* so well to music.

GROKER ROORES.

Paris, Hotel du Bouc Sanglant, March 25.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I cannot help looking upon the scene which occurred a few days since at the new mansion of Count Pillet-Will, in Paris, as one of the greatest possible interest, and which is not unlikely to engage the attention of the future musical historian. After a secession from his labours of nearly five and thirty years—*Guillaume Tell* was produced in 1829—Rossini comes forward with an undoubted new work, presents it to the public and challenges their verdict. I take no note of those fugitive pieces, the *Soirées Musicales*; nor of the additions to the *Stabat Mater*; nor of the pianoforte pieces—which, although the composer allowed M. Thalberg to play in public, he refused to submit to the press of the publisher; nor of the vocal compositions recently written for Mdle. Adelina Patti, submitted to be published—all of which have been produced since 1829—because Rossini himself considered them worthy of no especial notice; but when the illustrious composer announces a new work of great importance, no less than a *Missa Solennis*; permits its being performed on a grand festival occasion; attends the rehearsal, knowing that all the artistic intellect of the French capital would be present; and takes extraordinary pains in the details of the performance; I think the inference must be that Rossini himself considers the composition worthy of his name. The expression of his intention of scoring the mass when he retires to his residence at Passy makes the inference stronger. Of course, examples can be adduced without number of the mightiest in every art frequently preferring indifferent works of their own to acknowledged masterpieces, and I entirely set aside the extraordinary success of the Mass with great and small listeners, the ladies crying and embracing the composer, Meyerbeer denominating him “Jupiter” (it should have been “Saturn”), and Auber, who reveres him as if he were Phœbus Apollo, proclaiming, in one of his brilliant truisms, that “he has dispositions (inspirations) if he would only work.” The success and the excitement was a foregone conclusion, and, I venture to assert, would have been the same had the Mass no merit whatever.

Under these circumstances, no true idea can be entertained from concurrent reports of the Mass, and I fear that, from

Rossini himself having named it "*Petite Messe Solennelle*," it will not turn out to be a grand inspiration. I fear, and have reason to fear. The sudden stoppage of any action, mental or physical, and not resuming it for a long period, is, I apprehend, likely to deteriorate the original functions of mind or body. It is with the brain as with the hand. Interrupt its exercise and its cunning is lost. For considerably more than a quarter of a century Rossini removed himself from all artistic fellowship with his kind. Either in scorn, or in pride, he quitted Paris and went to reside in his native land at Bologna, seeming to despise music, and to devote his whole intellect to the pleasures of the table. After some thirty years, during which he passed over the meridian of his life and felt no stir of the God within him, he takes a sudden resolution, leaves his home and his country and fixes himself in Paris with a determination to end his days there. Is it possible that Rossini, when exiling himself, had no end in view but to lay down his life in France? And what had France done for him? All she could do to glorify him as a musician, to place him on the highest throne of musical art. But did that satisfy Rossini? No! The French could not appreciate *Guillaume Tell*—could not appreciate it at first—and preferred, to those sublime strains in which Liberty spoke as with a voice from heaven, the infernal witcheries of *Robert le diable* and the no witcheries of the *Juive*. We know not how Rossini winced and how he raved internally; but that he left France with an intention of never returning he himself has often been heard to declare in emphatic words. With years, no doubt, came a change in his feelings. *Guillaume Tell* grew more and more into favor with the French until, at last, it became the opera of the nation, the opera of Gallic tastes, Gallic preference and Gallic glory. The news was not long in reaching Bologna, and Rossini, as he dressed his salad, or imbibed his lacryma Christi, sighed perhaps to think by what small means the world had been deprived of sundry other *Guillaume Tells*, *Barbieres*, *Comte Ory*s and *Semiramides*. But he had so long worn the cloak of idleness, to keep his wrath warm, that to lay it aside was dangerous; so he buttoned it tighter round him, sighed once more over the might-have-beens of his genius, and brought back his old Parisian friends to his memory with smiles. Whether the sighs or smiles came oftenest it is impossible to say. We may conclude, indeed, that his revisiting Paris proves that his heart yearned for the fellowships and the well-known enjoyments of the capital—two remembrances calculated to make the most rigid ascetic smile; while, on the other hand, should the *Missa Solennis* turn out a *chef d'œuvre*, we may infer that the old inspiration has been at work and that he sought Paris as the best vantage-ground for the display of his genius.

A new work by Rossini! It is indeed like beholding the dead returned to life! And who knows but that from the success which has crowned his holy work may arise an enthusiasm and a might which will urge him on to deeds as of old, and that once again he will replenish the world with melody, which, as of yore, will fill all hearts with rapture. And, thinking of the world-wide fame Rossini enjoys and the profound interest that circles round his life, who can wonder that M. Bagier offered him £12,000 to write an opera?

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR, I am sorry to disappoint the expectations of Mr. Verdant Green, but I have a few words to say in reply

to his last letter which I should have answered ere this had it reached me sooner.

For some mysterious purpose Mr. Green still insists upon misrepresenting my views of joint stock companies and has, indeed, gone so far in this respect in his last effusion on the subject as to make it appear that I advocate "a positive loss of £500 or £1000 in a limited company, rather than the risk of an entire fortune in a company of unlimited liability," and, again, that I am in favor of uncommercial men getting up bubble trading companies in opposition to experienced and bonâ fide tradesmen. It is, indeed, hardly necessary to correct such gross misstatements, nevertheless, were they allowed to pass, Mr. Green and his friends might suppose that they had achieved a victory by stratagem, and go about waving their thistles to the surprise of everybody. The opinion I expressed on joint stock companies with limited liability, and which Mr. Green has so strangely perverted, was that "the limited principle, judiciously administered, is beneficial to any branch of trade or commerce to which it is applied, for it means nothing more or less than the bringing of a larger amount of energy and capital than an individual is able or willing to afford to bear upon the development of a particular object." According to the old law of partnership all, except the wealthy or speculative classes, were discouraged from investing their savings in profitable speculations by the principle which rendered every one engaged in a commercial adventure, however humble his interest in it, liable for all the debts incurred by the company. The alteration in the law of partnership liability to the present system, I hold to be a very advantageous alteration and to this opinion I adhere.

Mr. Green has, practically, come round to my way of thinking although it would seem that he is afraid to say so. Originally, he stated that he and his friends had a decided preference for the unlimited system compared to the principle of limited liability. In what he is pleased to call a logical summing up of his friend's notions, he now declares that they have no rooted affection for the old constituted companies and do not object to those formed upon the modern plan. Very condescending, truly, but hardly logical when brought into immediate comparison with the original statement. As a chief reason for his strong objection to companies of limited liability, Mr. Green asserted boldly in his former letter that more than *three fourths* of these undertakings were, invariably, wound up in Bankruptcy. I ventured to question the veracity of this extraordinary statement, and he has thought fit to modify his opinion, and refers me to the registered list of companies, saying, that I "shall not find one fourth of the original number now in existence, nor much more than one half of that fourth in a state of solvency." Are we to infer that the Registrar gives Mr. Green this remarkable and exclusive information as to the unhealthy condition of companies, or upon what authority is he able to define so accurately their rotten state?

As to the registered list containing more companies than are now in operation, that is easily explained by the fact that many are registered that are never carried out, or have not sufficient capital subscribed to justify the directors allotting shares and declaring the company formed (in which case, let me tell Mr. Green privately, the unfortunate promoters suffer severely if they have to pay all preliminary expenses); but this does not prove that they have become insolvent nor that "one half of the fourth" (inscrutable Green!) are wound up in Bankruptcy, which must be decidedly incorrect, if the published lists of flourishing limited liability companies are to be believed.

"But," as Mr. Green says, "enough of this untutored nonsense." Enough, indeed, and too much.

As far as Mr. Green is concerned, I am sorry if our controversy has caused him any inconvenience. I regretted much to hear he had been an invalid, altho' it was hardly fair to attribute his illness to me.

Had he adopted my views of the "limited principle," as regards drink on that intellectual evening, when he confesses to have been one of five who consumed nine bottles of whisky; the swimming in the head of which he complained would not have interfered with the service of St. Greateorex. Nine bottles of whisky (Irish whisky of course, or Mr. Green would not have tasted it), among five! According to Mr. Green's method of calculation, that is a bottle and one-fifth of four to each man! Why it sounds more like the doings at an Irish "Wake," than the bucolic boosings at Houghton-le-Spring. Is Mr. Green quite clear on the point? Is he sure it was not with some members of the Fenian Brotherhood that he indulged to such an extent as that he mentions? It would not be surprising if under the circumstances he lost all recollection of those who were with him, or what happened (except the splitting head-ache) on the occasion in question. But he says he was threatened with a repetition of the "intellectual evening," we must therefore either conclude that Mr. Green has successfully contracted most dissipated habits among his former friends or that he has not told us the truth as to those with whom he carouses in such a reckless manner. At any rate the whisky seems to have worked its spell, and turned all Mr. Green's ideas topsy turvy, for as we have seen, he is unable properly to interpret my views (however clearly expressed), on the subject of our correspondence, he has unconsciously come round to my way of thinking, altho' how long he will remain so is of course a matter of great uncertainty, and he has in any case betrayed the confidence of his friends, by exposing them to the ridicule and censure of all sober persons.

In conclusion, I do not see the necessity of Mr. Green insisting upon the addition of "junior" to his name, in order to distinguish his writings from those of his illustrious parent. This is one of those instances where your correspondent's vanity prevents him from perceiving that which must be apparent to every other observer. No one could possibly read a line he ever wrote without recognising its origin quite as readily as they could tell a church chant from an Irish jig. Why then seek any foreign means of distinction, much less the addition of a word, which sooner or later will be quite as inapplicable to the writer as his present name must ever be appropriate.

Paris, March 20th.

LAVENDER PITT.

A SINGER AND A SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR, a few days since, *La Traviata*, by Verdi, was revived at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, for the greater glory of Mdle. Patti, who, in the difficult character of Violetta, revealed qualities altogether new. She sang the air of the first act with a brilliancy that excited, in the highest degree, the enthusiasm of the audience; she was overwhelmed with applause which seemed as though it would never end. She delivered, also, with genuine emotion, the grand duet of the second act, nor was she less touching in the duet with Alfredo, which contains the delicious phrase:—

"De corsi affanni,
Compenso avrai,"

exhaled by the fair young singer as though it had been a sigh; while, in the final scene, where she expires slowly in Alfredo's arms, she was almost sublime. It will be a happy fact for this charming person to have elevated the vulgar character of Violetta, by imparting to it an elegance of bearing never possessed by Marguerite Gauthier, the heroine of M. Dumas, the Younger. M. Naudin, a tenor, already with us last year, undertook the part of Alfredo. His sonorous voice; the talent which, it cannot be denied, he possesses as a singer; experience of the stage; and a certain warmth in his action, are all qualities which would produce their effect, had he not contracted the bad practice of screaming, instead of singing with his natural voice, which possesses tone and even a certain amount of charm, when he does not force it. Let him take as an example M. Delle-Sedie, who, with a modest voice, always acquits himself well in every part entrusted to him. The consequence is that he was greatly applauded in *La Traviata*, in which he represents the part of the father with real talent. The performances of this opera—in my opinion one of Verdi's best works—will, I trust, be well attended, for who will loose the pleasure, so rare now-a-days, of admiring a young woman uniting the most precious gifts of physical nature to a quick and penetrating intelligence? Everything is now to be hoped, I believe, of the Future of Mdle. Patti, for she is on the road leading to the enchanted isle, where reigns the Ideal, a benignant genius who recompenses those souls which devote themselves to his worship, by giving them wings wherewith they may rise to Heaven.

M. Gounod, however, is not a person whom Mdle. Patti, will ever meet on this said road to the Ideal, especially if he has no other title to be there but the Symphony in E flat, performed at the last Popular Concert. I said to myself as I was going along the Boulevards to the Cirque Napoléon: "It is impossible that a dramatic composer melodically so short-winded can possess the various kinds of strength necessary to write one only of the four admirable overtures to *Fidelio*." My presentiment was correct, for M. Gounod's Symphony is the most wearisome affair it is possible to hear. It is divided into four parts: *Allegro*, *Adagio*, *Scherzo*, and *Finale*, not one of which episodes contains a striking motive to guide the ear in the midst of a chaos of chords, of incidental modulations, and of little effects of colouring, which fleet by so rapidly that you are soon tired of them. It is evident that M. Gounod was not created and sent into the world to compose absolute music, and, at the very most, the author of *Faust* has in him only just sufficient stuff to write an overture which shall pass the limits of a simple introduction. One thing is certain, namely: that the Symphony of M. Gounod is a pale imitation of the manner of Mendelssohn, without the tenderness, the immense talent, and the sweet dreamy spirit which distinguish the works of the German composer. M. Gounod is to Mendelssohn what a clever mechanical writer is to a great musician, who has touched everything, and left a work which Posterity will not forget. I strongly advise M. Gounod not to expose himself a second time to such a disappointment as that which he experienced, last Sunday, at the hands of an audience who do not understand joking, and who expect the music of a master, because it is for such music that they pay. Let M. Pasdeloup, also, impress this upon his mind.

P. S.

HERR REICHARDT, the tenor, has quitted Paris, his engagement with M. Bagier having been broken off. The reason stated is that M. Bagier wished Herr Reichardt to make his debut in *Don Pasquale*, instead of *Matilda di Shabran*, as was at first contemplated.

ROSSINI'S MASS.

A great musical event has occurred. Rossini has composed a solemn mass, for four vocal parts, with solos or *solis*; and it has just been performed, for the first time, in the grand and magnificent mansion that the Count Pillet-Will has had constructed in the Rue Moncey. I should fill a volume were I to attempt a description of this dwelling, which is fit for a king. But what are marble, gold, velvet, and brocade, compared to the glorious *éclat* which distinguished its inauguration, and to the unexpected manifestation of a genius, transformed, and revealed to us under a fresh aspect, when we thought it was long since silent for ever?

On the 29th February, just past, Rossini was seventy-two years of age, and yet it was in the course of last summer that he quietly wrote, without the slightest effort, the admirable work I was fortunate enough to hear a few days ago. You feel, at the very first bars, the mighty inspiration which animated this great artist thirty years since, when he took it into his head to stop short suddenly, at the culminating point in his glorious career. The author of *Guillaume Tell* rises before you to his full height, and you perceive, with astonishment, that neither time nor inaction has caused his wonderfully gifted intelligence to lose aught of its power. There is the old facility of invention; the old abundance of melody; the old nobleness and elegance of style; the old novel turns; the old richness of harmony; the old audacity and the old success in modulation; the old vigour of conception and of expression; the old skill in the arrangement and employment of the voices; and the old masterly and sovereign art in the general plan of the work, and in the particular plan of each separate number.

Those miserable musical hacks who think they know everything, because they have written, somehow or other, a certain number of four-part fugues, at the same time that they acknowledged in Rossini that genius which it would have been difficult to contest, indemnified themselves by accusing him of a want of science. They forgot what Grétry remarked, and which, in my opinion, ought to have been sufficient to settle the question: "He who possesses genius without science possesses everything, but does not know what to do with it." In his dramatic music, Rossini did not make much use of scholastic formulas, because they would have been out of place. But was it possible that anyone could imagine Rossini had attained such firmness of touch, and such perfection of form, without having gone through all the studies marked out by the great masters of the art in their programme; without having travelled over the entire circle of musical rhetoric? The religious style admits, nay, even demands, what the theatrical style rejects, and, therefore, in his Mass, Rossini has given to the fugue, the fugued style, and the concerted style, that place which is their due. His "Christe Eleison" is written with that learned art of which Palestrina has furnished such fine models. It would be difficult to find a finer and more delicate web of canonic imitations. The "Credo" terminates in a fugued piece, worthy of the greatest masters, and which Cherubini himself would not disown.

Lastly, the "Gloria in Excelsis" has for its conclusion a fugue which is immense in its development, grandiose in its effects, and unequalled in its interest. Every well educated composer can arrange a subject and a counter-subject; he can take them, either entire, or in fragments, through the relative tones; and he can end by condensing them in a *stretto*, brought about more or less skillfully. But to impart to the result of this almost mathematical labour character, expression, and colour; to embue it with variety, nice gradations and contrasts; to satisfy the most experienced ears, and, at the same time, to entertain those among the audience who are utterly strangers to such combinations, requires something which Heaven, for centuries, has deigned to accord to only a very small number of privileged individuals, such as Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mozart. Equally inspired with any one of these mighty artists, Rossini has produced a fugue which is even more a work of genius than of science; a picture dazzling the imagination; a hymn seizing on, touching, and inflaming the heart. The commencement of the "Gloria," which appears after the fugue, displays incomparable ardour and majesty. Following this fine introduction came, successively, a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass; an air for the tenor; an air for the bass; and a duet for soprano and contralto. All these numbers vary in rhythm, colour, and expression, according to the sense of the words and the sentiments to be

expressed. The duet for soprano and contralto: "Qui tollis peccata Mundi, miserere nobis," is distinguished by indescribable tenderness, melancholy, and grace. In the "Credo," Rossini has followed the example set by Cherubini, in his *Coronation Mass*. He makes the chorus repeat, "Credo! Credo!" after the enunciation of each article of belief. But the imitation ends here, and Rossini exhibits treasures of melody to which Cherubini never possessed the key. The "Crucifixus" has served as the text of a soprano air. The words, "passus et sepultus est," in it are rendered with an unapproachable depth of expression. The chorus comes in again at the words: "Et resurrexit tertia die." It is a triumphal song of extraordinary dash and brilliancy. The "Offertory" is an organ-piece worthy, as far as its composition goes, of S. Bach; but it is pervaded by a melancholy and dreamy charm, of which even Bach himself rarely knew the secret. The brilliant and majestic commencement of the "Sanctus" is followed by a "Benedictus," for two voices, a marvel of grace and elegance. Lastly, the "Agnus Dei," a phrase of infinite tenderness, commenced by the contralto, and terminated by the chorus on the words: "miserere nobis—donna nobis Pacem" fills the soul, at one and the same time, with sadness and with hope.

This masterly work still awaits an orchestral accompaniment not yet written. At the first performance there were only two pianos and a harmonium to support the voices. Still, the feebleness of these executive resources did not destroy the effect, except in a few passages where the vigour, the brilliancy, and the marked accent of the violins were required. But such cases were rare, for M. Georges Mathias presided at the principal piano. The two Sisters Marchisio sang the solos with MM. Gardoni and Agnesi. The highly fashionable audience redemanded the "Cum Sancto," the "Sanctus," and the "Agnus Dei." The most enthusiastic applause burst forth after each of the principal numbers in this masterly production.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

AN OPERA BY ROSSINI.

The following story, signed Paul Norbert, has been told this week in *La Musique Populaire* :—

"Speaking of Rossini, permit me to give you another anecdote which concerns him, and which is much more recent.

Some time ago he happened to be dining at the country house of M. de San P—. The company was numerous and comprised many Italians, and, as a matter of course, music became the subject of conversation. A young and beautiful lady, one of the guests, entreated the *maestro* to play something of his own composition not published.

"I regret exceedingly, madame," replied Rossini, "that I cannot render myself agreeable to your desires; but I have not brought my book with me."

"Let not that be a hindrance," answered a friend of the composer, "I am obliged to go back to Paris. If you permit me I will call at your house for the book and soon return with it."

"Very well, *caro mio*," responded Rossini, "but you must promise me not to touch anything but the volume I shall specify."

"I promise!"

"Good! You will find upon my bureau, by the side of a roll of blue paper, the book which contains my *canzonnetas*. You will bring that book; but have a care, my friend, do not touch that blue roll," and Rossini handed him the key.

No sooner had the friend arrived at the house of the composer than, in spite of, or perhaps by reason of, his promise, he seized the roll of blue paper, and after some hesitation opened it.

Behold what met his eyes on the first page!

HÉLÈNE.

A GRAND OPERA IN FIVE ACTS.

Words by M. de San P—, music by Rossini—to be represented ten years after my death.

Thus, as you see, Meyerbeer and his *Africaine* have found a pendant.

"FRANZ LIZST," says a correspondent from Rome, "the celebrated pianist, is about to enter the convent of Santo-Onorio." This resolution is said to be due to a disgust of life. Lizst has for some years past been remarked at Rome for his religious fervour.

MUTTONIANA.

TO OWAIN AP' MUTTON, ESQ.

SIR.—The accompanying epistolary, which appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, March 17th, addressed to the Editor, is, I think, worthy of insertion in your Corinthian column, if for no other purpose than to show some of your London reporters what impartial criticism really is. "Blacksmith" is an honest fellow, if not "harmonious," and I believe he believes every word he says. He stints neither praise nor censure, and is evidently well up in gloves, opera-glasses and ventilation.—I am, Sir, yours, without bias, P. O. POE.

Watergates, March 21.

To the Editor of the DAILY POST.

SIR.—Last night's performance of *Samson* cannot by any means be termed satisfactory. It is true that the rarity with which such great works are given in this town tends to incline the audience more to enjoyment than to criticism, and thus many faults may be passed over which would be severely censured, were the society and the listeners more familiar with the compositions. Still, on comparing the concert of last night with what might reasonably be expected from a society with the same resources, the result is not creditable to the Hope-street institution. From the solo performers great things were looked for, and it is only fair to say that altogether expectations were realized. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang charmingly, and, had it not been for the great length to which the concert had extended, might have been encoined in "Let the bright Seraphim." In this air one of the runs seemed to tax her strength seriously, causing her to make a break, but with this exception her vocalization throughout the evening was delightful. Madame Sainton Dolby acquitted herself, as she always does, like a thorough musician, though we cannot expect her voice to retain for ever its flute-like roundness. Her most successful effort was, I think, "The Holy One of Israel be thy guide," in which her execution and expression were both remarkable. In spite of his cold, Mr. Sims Reeves performed the part allotted to him as only he can do it, especially after he had warned to his work. The airs were given with grand effect, whilst his fine singing of the recitatives relieved what are often felt to be great drags in some of Handel's oratorios. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang with care and earnestness, as usual, his finest performance being "How willing my paternal love," which narrowly escaped an encore. In the declamatory recitatives and airs he at times rather overdid his part—so much so, that in "Honor and arms" he was often sharp, and the florid passages were uncertain. This air is, however, such a favorite, and Mr. Thomas was evidently so conscientious in his interpretation of it, that he was warmly applauded. The band was only of its usual strength, and, therefore, the plan adopted last year of increasing the number of strings at the performance of works requiring great orchestral power, must be regarded as a mere flash in the pan. Of course the strings were weak in the choruses, but to make up for that they were often coarse in the accompaniments to the solos, in which latter they were assisted by the wind instruments. The horns in the overture were not at all pleasing, being throughout uncertain. The minuet (with which the overture concludes) went well, as did also the *tutti* parts of the "Dead March." It seemed a pity to accede to the encore of the March, since it was already late, and probably many would thereby miss hearing the attractive air and chorus at the end of the oratorio. There can be no doubt that the chorus is decidedly worse than it was last year. It is little to the purpose to say that the best known choruses were loudly applauded, for they are familiar to most singers, and besides (to use a provincial expression) they take a great deal of spoiling. But in such parts as "O, first created beam," the fugue in "To man, God's universal law," the soft passage in "With thunder arm'd," and many other places, wrong notes were sung, and the runs were executed in a style familiarly known as "there or thereabouts." The altos were more than usually weak, the tenors overpoweringly strong, and all the chorus betrayed a great want of proper rehearsal. Many of the choruses, too, though commenced at a moderate speed, were hurried towards the end, for which, in some instances, the violins were not a little to blame. "Yet their celestial concerts" was a scramble from beginning to end; but in this, as in other parts of the oratorio, the organ was extensively used, and doubtless served to cover many defects. The attendance was very large and the applause enthusiastic; but the Philharmonic Society cannot be congratulated on having given such a representation of *Samson* that they can look back upon it with pride, or a conviction that their band and chorus are improving. It is really time that attention should be directed to the ventilation of the hall; last night the heat was almost insupportable. Surely no further reminder will be necessary. Your readers must not be surprised if they should hear at some future time that, in addition to the large business already carried on at the Philharmonic Office in the music-selling line, a stock of gloves will be added to the resources of the establishment, and perhaps opera-glasses may be obtainable on hire. If it be right to interfere with one trade, why not with several?—Yours, truly,

Wednesday.

HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

MR. OWAIN AP' MUTTON.

SIR,—Do you read "Booby's Musical and Dramatic Review?" No?

Then you should. In the number for last Saturday there is a stinging article on "our great tenor," which for "smartness" (in the Yankee sense of the word) is unequalled by any of the late personal remarks in the House of Commons. It is so very truthful, too, especially when remarking on the great tenor's haughty and overbearing manners towards his brother professionals. Barytones (says Booby) are not so haughty. Nor so jealous (I suppose) that they give up parts they can play to make miserable failures of those which they cannot? The article goes on to condemn the "great tenor" for not singing everywhere and everywhen for just whatever people choose to give him; complains that no Festival can succeed without him—although (to quote Booby) his name is not the attraction; and winds up by denouncing the "great B flat" (Booby again) for not having been born in a different sphere and for neglecting in his early youth the study of mathematics and the use of the globes. My first impression on reading this delicate piece of spite was that some east end Music-hall singer, or fifth fiddle in one of the orchestras with whom the great tenor had declined to fraternise, had rushed into print, fully bent on vengeance; but before I had reached the end of the article the cloven hoof had appeared; and a paragraph respecting the "great tenor's" bad taste in preferring to sing sense and English rather than twaddle, caused me to look again at the head line of the paper to be sure that I was not reading the *Athenaeum*. And this *New York Key-hole Reporter* style of article is called "independent criticism!"

While pen in hand, allow me to call your attention to a growing nuisance. I mean the fashion of calling actresses by their familiarised christian names. I see two young ladies announced to make their first appearance at the New Royalty: Miss Milly Something and Miss Georgy Something else. I expect every-day to see "Jacky Buckstone," "Billy Weiss," "Charley Fechter," "Sammy Phelps," &c., &c.

Yours &c.,

TO O. AP' MUTTON, ESQ.

SIR.—Living many miles from a post-office, and even provisions being difficult to obtain, unless salt; which, but to the nautically inclined, are known to be unwholesome; would you kindly inform me on the following questions:—

1st.—If Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is the music of the future, what on earth do they mean by producing it in the present day?

2nd.—Will it not be out of season if brought out this season?

3rd.—Is it honest? Is it manly? to rob our innocent children (perhaps unto the third generation) of the bequest intended for them by the generous Wagner?

4th.—Could not an injunction be obtained on behalf of my unborn babes to restrain this indelicate attempt upon my (when it comes) family's property?

I for one—being engaged by vows before witnesses, including letters—shall not sanction this violation of my poor dear (to come) infants' reversions. Though as fond of a dance as most people I shall refuse—dimally—to listen to the music.

In conclusion, permit me to ask you, Sir, why I am to be deprived of the luxury of bequeathing on my death an inheritance to my children? Money I have none, and with my present prospects shall never; but imagine, Sir, with what pleasure I should close my eyes could I, by my last testament, divide among my weeping ones the music set aside for them by the tender-hearted Wagner. Your's, not best pleased,

Dirtlow, Manchester.

LIAS TOFT.

N.B.—I yesterday put this question to a legal gentleman, who served me with a county court summons, and he says there is something in it. Perhaps you may, in the course of a week or so, be getting a writ or something, and then you might make sure of the law of the case. I have great confidence in London solicitors.

TO OWAIN AP' MUTTON, ESQ.

SIR,—I ask for information. Is the "inimitable" Mackney a musician? Do his performances come under the denomination of "Music"? Mr. Henry Farmer, of Nottingham, thinks so, or he would not have engaged him for his Popular Concert, and the reporter of the *Nottingham Journal* also thinks so, or he would not have written about him *apropos* of his performances at Mr. Henry Farmer's Popular Concert. I send you the extract from the *Nottingham Journal*, and remain, Sir, yours,

MINT JULEP.

Apothecary's Lane.

"Mr. Henry Farmer's popular concert took place on Wednesday evening, at the Mechanics' Hall, when there was a very numerous attendance. The great attraction was, of course, the "inimitable Mackney," and we must say that if ever a man deserved that adjective as a prefix to his name Mackney is he. He sang, danced, "spouted," played the piano, the violin, the banjo, and the "bones," in splendid style, eliciting from the company the heartiest bursts of laughter. His songs, "The whole hog or none" and "The Garret near the Sky" were really "inimitable," and his imitations of farmyard music—the crowing

of the cook—the lowing of the calf and the cow—the cackle of the Cochon China—all were clever in the extreme, and the plaudits which followed his performance was of the most genuine description.

Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton's compliments. The above remarkable productions are under consideration, and will be noticed next week. In the meanwhile Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton presents his compliments.

A NEW ORATORIO, *Ahab*, by George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc. of New College, Oxford, will be performed by the National Choral Society, under the direction of G. W. Martin, at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, April 6. The principal vocalists engaged are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss A. Hirst, Miss Palmer, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Benwick. This is the first time for many years that a work of such magnitude as an oratorio has been undertaken by a London Society.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

JOHN HERWOOD (Manchester).—"The Psalter, with the Canticles and Hymns of the Church, pointed for Chanting," by J. M. Bentley.
AUGENER & Co.—"On, away, awake, beloved," part song; and "The Sailor Boy," song by Gerard Francis Cobb.

LEIPZIG.—Riedels Verein lately gave a performance of sacred music, when the subjoined pieces were performed: "De Profundis," by Clari; "Magnificat," by Seb. Bach; "Christnacht," by Bronsart, and "Heilig," by Em. Bach. The solos were sung by Mesdames Reclam, Julie Flinsch-Oswil, Mad. L. Lessiak, Herren Schild and Weiss (the former gentleman from Solothurn, and the latter from Dresden). The whole performance went off extremely well and reflected great credit upon the members of the association.—At the nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert, the programme contained the Overture to *Fidelio*, Beethoven; Violin-Concerto, Beethoven (executed by Herr Joachim); Cherubini's Overture to *Medea*, and Mozart's Sinfonie Concertante (performed by Herren Joachim and David). The second part of the concert consisted of Franz Schubert's Pianoforte Duet, op. 140, transformed by the instrumentation of Herr Joachim into a symphony.

THE MUSICAL FISH.—A well-known Naturalist residing in Rue de M — fancying that he heard a sweet musical voice singing portions of Mozart's "Twelfth" in his kitchen, descended to the lower regions for the purpose of ascertaining to whom among the domestics this enchanting organ belonged. There was no one below-stairs; but on the dresser was sitting a red herring, recently purchased, from whose mouth proceeded the most dulcet strains. The fish did not notice his approach, being entirely wrapped up in a piece of music-paper, containing, as it appears, that portion of the great composer's works which he had just been practising!—*Punch*.

HAYDN.—When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply—"I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit." The reader who is acquainted with the works of Haydn will bear testimony to the practical truth of this anecdote.—(*British Magazine*.)

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has returned to Paris. He at present occupies apartments in the Rue de Richelieu, where on Tuesday last he held a splendid literary and artistic *soirée*.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has resigned his position as musical critic of the *Journal des Débats*. He is succeeded by his co-labourer, M. J. d'Ortigue.

MR. HENRY J. BYRON, the popular Dramatic Author, will commence a new novel in the April Number of Temple Bar Magazine.

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PROSPECTUS:

It has long been a subject of reproach to this country, and to the Metropolis in particular, that no permanent establishment should exist for the representation of the Lyric Drama in the English language.

It cannot be said that the English are not a musical nation; on the contrary, England yields to none either in the love or practice of music. We have an incredible number of Amateur Musical Societies, not only in the metropolis, but widely spread throughout the whole kingdom; no other nation maintains so vast a host of Professional Executants, and certainly no other public could be found to support such great undertakings as the Grand Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, the Concerts of the Musical Society of London, the Philharmonic Societies, the Sacred Harmonic and National Choral Societies, the Festivals of Birmingham, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Norwich, &c., &c., and numberless other similar Institutions.

The general taste and knowledge of the public in Musical matters have of late years made wonderful progress; and no concert can now be made attractive to any class of the public unless they embrace the execution of some great Classical Work.

When eminent foreign professors visit us, they are invariably struck with the immense number of Musical Entertainments constantly taking place; but, at the same time, they very naturally express great surprise that, in a nation where so much patronage and encouragement are accorded to Musical Art, and where such magnificent representations of Foreign Operas annually are given, no national and permanent Establishment should exist for the performance of English Opera.

It is not the wish of the Directors to undervalue the efforts to carry on performances of English Opera, which have from time to time been made by private individuals. Some of these undertakings have been temporarily successful, but unfortunately none have attained to the permanence and stability necessary to secure a continued public support; or to inspire such confidence in those possessing qualifications for the Lyric Stage, as would induce them to devote themselves to the necessary studies, were a permanent field for their employment likely to be secured to them.

The object contemplated by the Directors of the ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION, is to establish an Institution which shall satisfy these requirements, for it is their firm conviction that a National Opera, formed on a proper basis, would not only open a field for the representations of the works of our native Composers, and afford the means of making known and encouraging the talent of many of our vocalists; but that it would also receive such patronage and hearty support from the public in general as to render the undertaking commercially prosperous.

It is the intention of the ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION to produce not only the works of Native Composers, but also English adaptations and translations of the works of Foreign Schools. Among the former it is believed that there are many works already completed which are likely to command success; but for which the efforts of their authors have hitherto failed to obtain a hearing, through the very natural fear of Managers of limited resources to run the risk of employing composers other than those already popular with the public. Among the latter great resources are to be found, for there are many Operas, particularly of the German School, not of sufficient calibre for our great Italian Stage, and therefore almost entirely unknown to the English public.

The Directors feel that much good may be effected by the Association in lending a helping hand to those who, though possessing the physical qualifications for the Lyric Stage, are unable to command the means necessary for their musical education. Many a promising aspirant, after having made even considerable progress in his art, has, simply from the want of trifling assistance, been forced to abandon a career which might have proved equally advantageous to himself and the public. To such, it is the intention of the Directors to offer (under certain conditions) not only instruction, but also the means of making themselves gradually familiar with the Stage. The common and frequently fatal error will thus be avoided of young artists being presented to an audience for the first time in characters of the highest pretensions. Arrangements to this end may be made so as to be not only of the utmost benefit to the artist, but also highly remunerative to the Association.

One great cause of dissatisfaction among Artists who have held engagement in some of the English Opera undertakings which have hitherto existed, has been the circumstance that the Proprietors and Managers of them have been themselves Artists. In these cases professional rivalry and jealousy have often been sources of discord, have destroyed the goodwill and cohesion of the establishment, and generally tended

to its ultimate dissolution. It will be seen that no professional name is to be found on the Direction of the ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION, for it is the determination on the Directors, while taking advantage of the highest professional talent, to hold themselves entirely unfettered in its employment, and not to delegate to any Professor, or Artist, any such irresponsible power as could by possibility be misused in the furtherance of private interests.

There are many other points of organization contemplated by the Institution which might be mentioned; but which would occupy too much detail to be given here. The Directors, however, hope that the above slight sketch of the principles by which they intend to be guided will be accepted as an evidence that such an Establishment is a public requirement, and that it will receive the support, not only of those who take an interest in the progress of Musical Art in this country, but of the many also who may merely regard it in the light of a commercial investment.

It will be easily imagined that the greatest difficulty with which the Directors have had to contend has been the obtaining of a suitable Theatre for their operations; but they have now the gratification of stating that they have at length effected an arrangement with Mr. GYE, the proprietor of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden.

Under this arrangement the Directors will become the Lessees of the Opera House during the autumn and winter months, for a term of years commencing on the first Monday in October next. The Directors believe the agreement which they have made with Mr. GYE is a most advantageous one; for that gentleman has consented to participate in their fortunes, and has allowed the amount of his rental to depend on the receipts of the Association, instead of demanding a positive and fixed payment. The Directors will also have the great advantage of the excellently organized staff of Mr. GYE's Theatre, who have for so many years worked together under his direction. Mr. ALFRED MELLON will be the Musical Conductor; Mr. WILLIAM BEVERLY, the Scenic Artist; and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the Stage Manager.

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